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Original. Copied by Speed-O-Print Copier by
Dr. R. Raymond Green 18 July 1963 from Records of
Agnes J. M. Dummer.

A. dream

By Robert Oak

I dreamt a dream, at the midnight hour.
My heart beat fast, while the spirit soars
To a land of blees, beyond this sphere.
Where angels sung, and each note was clear.
Their all was joy, beyond the stream.
All earthly toils, but a fading dream.

He thought i stood, by a silvery brook.
Each scene as i gazed, unlocked a book.
On its page engraved, our cares and strife
And the blessings we'd reap in after life.
I list to the sound, of the passing wave.
I beheld my friends, beyond the grave.

He thought i beheld, in the cristal tide.
A damsal young, in her womanly pride.
With a parcel of linen, beneath her arm
And the waves rushed past, her tremblin' ^{topps}
P'signe she gave, and i rush'd to save.
Her gentle form, from the surging wave.

I reached her in the lovely brook.
She smiled with joy, and my hand she took.
God bless the hand, that would try to save
A helpless youth, from a horrid grave.
To savour now, and forever be.
Through life's sad path, and eternite.

Lead on she said, and never fear.
Tho the rivers wide, yet the waters clear.
And the fishes play, in joyfull mirth.
There's a land of peace, beyond this earth.
Where death or sorrow is no more.
On yonder bright, and sunny shore.

He thought that my spirit, had took a flight.
As we a rayed, in the purest white.
And the parcel, contained the robes of snow.
And angels sung, and they bid us go.
To the land of bless. beyond the stream.
But the vision broke, it was all a dream.

Composed by

Robertson Jr.

He was a brother of my grandmother Todd
he was way out young Todd.

*Augusta Kyle (Huntington)
James. Are gone this
to me while I was
in Greaterville on
26 June 1950*

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But the vision broke, it was all a dream.

Composed by

Robert W. Jr.

He was a brother of my grandfather Todd
he was my dear young Todd.

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Published by the author
in limited quantities on
October 1989.